

# The Balloon

(a poem)

Made of latex  
filled with air  
how'd it get  
way up there?

Round and shiny  
packed with helium  
tied with string  
(that's for sealing 'em)

Sometimes red  
sometimes blue  
maybe at  
a party for you

Fill one up  
with some water  
when summer comes  
and it's hotter

Take it out  
throw it hard  
it will burst  
in your yard

Get some at  
the grocery store  
for your friend  
who's foot is sore

Bring one in  
to work today  
give it to  
some guy named Ray

Write a note  
and tie it tight  
then release it  
into the night

Balloons are happy  
free and fun  
but they will pop  
when sat upon.

